

The Weekly Herald,
PUBLISHED BY
W. S. TIPTON,
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
TERMS:
One copy one year.....\$2 00
One copy six months.....1 00
One copy three months.....50
Single Copies.....50
Experience has taught us not to print a newspaper on credit.

Weekly Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. VI. CLEVELAND, TENN., AUGUST 12, 1881. NO. 31.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.
Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.
Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.
Marriages and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.
All local news 10 cents a line for each insertion.
No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

A Love Song.
Oh, lassie, wilt thou gang with me
Adown the meadow green?
The pretty thrush sings merrily
The lilac-leaves between;
The ox-eyed daisy noddeth low
Among the grasses wet;
The soft wind sigheth sweet and low
Through thy locks of jet.
And therefore should I gang with thee
Adown the meadow green;
E'en though the thrush sing merrily
The lilac-leaves between;
Low noddeth the modest daisy flower
The soft wind bloweth free;
But, at this early morn'g hour,
Why should I gang with thee?
The ivy singeth on the wall,
With sunlight glints between;
Oh, lassie, thou so fair and tall,
Come down the meadow green;
And by yon larch grow violets blue,
Like unto thy sweet eyes;
Oh, come and hear my love so true—
The love that never dies!
Yes, lassie, an' that be the why,
I fain would gang along—
For true, true love doth never die,
But yearly waxeth strong;
Oh, winds, and flowers, and ivy vines,
How sweet you be to-day!
Oh, yellow sun, how bright you shine!
Come, lassie, let's away!

KENNETH CARLE'S LOVE.

They are standing upon the cliff together, Kenneth Carle and Grace Ellsworth, and he is holding her hand in his and gazing earnestly into her beautiful gray eyes.

"Grace, turn back," he exclaimed, passionately; "turn back before it is too late. You do not know what you are doing; you—"

"I believe I know my own mind," interrupted Grace, with a forced laugh. "I am perfectly sane, I assure you."

Kenneth looked at her with a sad, doubtful expression on his handsome face.

"I cannot deem it possible," he says. "I never thought that Grace Ellsworth would sell herself for gold, palsy gold!"

She disengages her hand from his clasp, and drawing herself up haughtily, replies in a cold tone that the tears in her eyes belie—

"Neither would I, Mr. Carle. You presume too much upon friendship, but there are some things that even friendship does not make admissible. You are very unjust in your accusation. My heart is my own and I am free to bestow it upon whom I please. Pray do not speak of selling again."

"I am to infer, then," he says, "that you have never loved me; you have been trifling with me all this time, you—"

"Infer anything you please," retorts Grace, hotly. "It makes no difference to me."

"Ah!"

It is not a short exclamation that Kenneth Carle utters, but a long, low sigh, that thrills Grace's heart with a strange emotion, and causes the color to rush in her cheeks. Then there is a long silence, while Kenneth gazes fixedly at the grass beneath his feet, and Grace stands motionless now and then casting covert glances at her companion.

"Mr. Carle," she says, suddenly, "look at the darkening sky. There will be a storm soon, I shall return to the house. Will you come with me or stay here?"

"I will stay here," he replies, without raising his eyes from the ground; and she turns and leaves him.

At a short distance she pauses and looks behind her. She sees the rocky cliff, with the sea lashing itself into foam at its base; the tall figure standing near its edge, his head bowed, his dark, Greek-like features clearly outlined against the dull gray sky, and an expression of anguish and pain crosses her face. It is succeeded, however, by a look of stern determination, and in a low, firm voice she says—

"I will not let this foolish love conquer. Money I want, and money I will have. I shall wed this rich stranger, for indeed he is almost a stranger to me, and Kenneth Carle shall never be more to me than a friend."

As Grace has predicted, a storm comes up quite suddenly; and as she is quite a distance from her home, she seeks shelter in a cottage at the foot of the hill.

It is a quaint, low-roofed building of very ancient date, and has been inhabited for many years by a tall, gypsy-looking woman who, when she first took up her abode there, was a comely, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden, and now an old woman, yellow-skinned and gaunt.

Her black eyes, though, have never lost their keen brightness, but shine with such a steady, piercing light that, when any valuables are lost, the villagers laughingly remark that they could discover them instantly had they the light of Mother Leman's eyes to a them.

"Oh, no," Grace replies, seating herself. "I have walked very fast, and the wide-spreading trees sheltered me. You are very busy, I see. Do you never rest, Mother Leman?" with an arch smile.

"Yes, when the night comes," replies the old woman. "But, my child, you are ill."

"No, indeed," says Grace. "Why, I thought I was looking unusually healthy. Are not my eyes bright, my cheeks rosy? For once, Mother Leman, your eyes, sharp as they are, have deceived you."

"No, I am sure you are ill," the other says, gazing at Grace so earnestly that she grows flushed and warm and wishes those piercing eyes would turn in some other direction. "You are ill, not physically, perhaps, but mentally. Grace, my child," warningly, "take an old woman's advice and never exchange an old love for a new."

Now, Mother Leman has heard several stories concerning Grace and her two suitors, and determines to discover whether they are real facts or idle rumors. She is satisfied as to their truth when she sees Grace start suddenly, while her face flushes deeply.

"Ah, Grace, my child," she says, "don't act against your own heart. Turn back, turn back, before it is too late."

Grace draws back haughtily, while the same proud, angry expression that she wore when she sees Grace start suddenly, while her face flushes deeply.

"I don't know what you mean," rises to her lips, but knowing it is useless to try to evade or deceive this sharp-eyed woman, she answers:

"I am acting as my heart dictates. I see no reason why you should warn me."

And Mother Leman, perceiving that the subject is an unpleasant one to Grace, immediately changes it.

It is not long before the storm clears away, and Grace takes her departure. She is fully resolved now; she will marry the wealthy stranger and crush her love for Kenneth Carle. Nothing can alter her decision.

That very day the betrothal is sealed, and preparations for the wedding commenced.

The wealthy suitor showers costly presents upon her with a lavish hand; but somehow they do not afford Grace the pleasure she anticipated. The little ruby ring that Kenneth gave her is far more precious to her than all the millionaire's diamonds.

At last the eventful day arrives, and Grace dons the pure white wedding robes that are worth a fortune in themselves, excepting the costly jewels that glitter on her fair neck and arms, and among the braids of blue-black hair. Then the bridal party is driven away to the village church, and the marriage ceremony is performed.

Grace stands like a statue through it all, her face white and cold as the sparkling diamonds about her, and the village maidens' envy turns to pity, for they see what the love-blind husband does not, that she is an unhappy bride.

Kenneth Carle is not present at the wedding; he went away a week ago, the villagers say, and Grace is spared the pain of seeing him.

A few hours later Grace and her husband have left the little village and are on their way to the Old World, where, amid new scenes and new people, surrounded by every luxury that money can buy, Grace will endeavor to forget her sorrow.

Ten years later. In the largest, handsomest room that the "Eyre Hotel" can afford sit two gentlemen; one a slim, blonde young man, whose attire borders on the "dandy" style, the other a tall, broad-shouldered gentleman, whom we have met before, Kenneth Carle. But he is no longer known by that name, for some reason of his own he has changed it to Ellis Cary.

Ten years have altered him greatly; indeed, it would be difficult for his nearest friend to recognize him. He is thinking of old times now; and, chancing to glance into the mirror opposite, smiles at the bronzed, bearded face revealed there as he contrasts it with the smooth, boyish one of ten years ago. He is aroused from his reverie by the voice of his companion, saying—

"I say, Cary, have you seen the new arrival—a young widow, with no end of a fortune? Worth looking after, I tell you. There she goes now."

Kenneth glanced out of the window in time to see a slender figure, attired in deep mourning, pass by; but her head is averted, and he does not see her face.

"Handsome, too," continued his friend. "I got an introduction last evening. I'll present you to-night."

That evening Kenneth Carle, for by that name he is best known to us, meets the young widow in the hotel parlor, and is introduced to her.

"Mrs. Ashly, Mr. Cary."

The widow bows low, and softly murmurs a few words of acknowledgement. Kenneth glances at her face and draws a long breath of surprise, for beneath the dainty widow's cap he recognizes the blue-black hair, the dark gray eyes, the piquant features of his old love, Grace Ellsworth.

"Shall I reveal myself to her?" he

asks himself; and after a moment's hesitation decides he will not, for the present, at least. She does not recognize him; let her know him only as Ellis Cary.

The days pass by, and slowly the conviction dawns upon him that he is falling in love with Grace Ashly over again. Yet, is it over again? Is it not the old love that he believed dead rising like a phoenix from the ashes? He cannot tell; he only knows that she has grown very dear to him, dearer than the maiden Grace Ellsworth had been.

At last he determines to know his fate, and, without revealing his identity, he asks her to be his bride. Grace's fair face does not flush, nor her eyes droop, as she places her hand in his and replies—

"Mr. Cary, let me tell you my story, and then if you are willing to claim me, I will consent. Ten years ago I met Kenneth Carle and loved him. He was not wealthy, and in my desire for riches I cast him off for another, who I knew could give me everything my heart desired. Everything, did I say? Oh, no! he could not give me happiness. Since his death I have traveled from place to place, until I came here and met you. I like you, I respect you greatly, but I cannot love you. I can never love again. If, knowing this, you are willing to make me your wife, I have nothing more to say."

"And if this Kenneth Carle should return and ask you to marry him, would you do so?" her companion asks.

"No, no," replies Cary, sadly; "that is impossible."

"It is not impossible," Kenneth says, passionately. "Don't you know me, Grace?"

Grace looks up into his face with a dazed expression. The resemblance has puzzled her, but it is all clear now.

"Yes, Kenneth, I know you now," she replies. "Kenneth, after wronging you so much, can you still love me?"

"I can and do," he replies. "Grace, my darling, is it yes?"

He looks down into her pretty face, with its flushed cheeks and shyly drooping eyes, and there reads his answer.

And on the following September Grace dons the wedding robes for the second time, and ere the merry bells have ceased pealing she has become the bride of her first and only love, Kenneth Carle.—*Waverly Magazine.*

MULE MEAT AS A DELICACY.
Expedients of the Confederate Soldiers at the Siege of Fort Hudson.
D. P. Smith, in the Philadelphia Times, says: The twenty-first of May, 1862, found Fort Hudson invested by an army of thirty thousand men, while Farragut's fleet guarded the river; but the garrison of six thousand men was provisioned for two months, so no alarm was felt in regard to short rations, as no one realized that the siege would last more than a few weeks. About the tenth of June a shell—they had been seeking it for three weeks—found the commissary building, set it on fire, and, with it, destroyed two thousand bushels of corn and the grist-mill. Heavy were the hearts of the corn-bread-loving soldiery. Reduced rations of unground corn and cow peas were issued for several days, till the commissary rigged up a portable grist-mill in the depot, banded from the driving wheels of an old locomotive blocked up. The commissary was getting so low that the expedient was tried of mixing it with peas, but it was not a success, as the pea-meal would not cook in the bread, and the peas were issued as a separate ration. On the nineteenth of June the mill was in good order, and a pound of meal was issued per day, with a liberal ration of peas and half a pound of bacon.

The supply of fresh beef was exhausted early in the siege, but the bacon lasted till about the twenty-fifth of June. A number of mules remained, which, unworked, had grown fat roaming through the fields and woods. Some of these were slaughtered and the meat served out to all who would take it. The flesh was rather coarse but tender, with much of the flavor of venison. It was very fat, and the "Dutch" ovens in which it was baked would be half-full of yellow oil. Many of the soldiers could not eat the novel food, and lived on a corn-meal-and-pea diet. To suit these delicate stomachs the commissary corned a considerable amount of choice portions of the meat, and, announcing that forty barrels of corned beef had been discovered issued it to all. The general verdict was that it was a unusually good article. Though reduced to very coarse fare, those of the garrison who kept well did not suffer for food, for when other rations failed there were cow peas, and these well boiled made a very tolerable dinner. Beaten in a mortar till the hull was loosened and then winnowed, they were not far inferior to English split peas. They were stowed in bulk on the floor of an old church, whose windows the concussion of the bombardment, and, perhaps, a stray shell or two, had shattered into fragments. In spite of care it was not uncommon to get a splinter of glass in the mouth while eating dinner. The soldiers were accustomed to pea fare at home, but seasoned with bacon, and they pronounced it dry eating with glass as a substitute for meat. As the well men had to eat at the breastworks day and night, the cooking was done by negroes and details in sheltered spots in the rear; but the cooks had no bomb-proof positions, and minnie balls and fragments of shell fell even in the fires. One of the most serious questions to be solved by cooks and commissaries was to provide food for the sick. By the latter part of June at least fifteen hundred men were on the sick and wounded lists. Boiled cow peas and mule steaks were not dishes for invalids, but their well comrades devised a way to give them some delicacies. Bullets were cut up into shot and a wandering bird occasionally killed, but the bombardment was too heavy for many such to find their way into the lines. Rats, however, were plentiful, burrowing even under the fortifications, and many a one was served up in the hospitals as squirrel. On July eighth, with about a week's rations for the twenty-five hundred men able to eat still on hand, Fort Hudson was surrendered.

LEPROSY.
Extent of this Terrible Disease in the United States.
The nightmare story of Mr. George Cable of a leper secluded for years in a house in New Orleans, says a New York paper, turns out to be no novelist's fancy, but only a small part of the terrible fact. The annual report of the Louisiana board of health for 1880, contains a detailed statement of the progress of the Asiatic leprosy in that State during the last century. It was brought in 1680 to the West Indies by the negro slaves, and thence to Louisiana. In 1778 this disease was so prevalent among the blacks, together with the African elephantiasis, and another equally horrible, named yaws, peculiar to Guinea negroes, that a hospital for lepers was established in New Orleans. At the present time the majority of lepers in that city are found to be whites of French, German and Russian extraction. The disease seems to be hereditary, and certain families are known to be infected by it and are shunned as corpses would be, could they walk and move and spread about the contagion of death. The mother of one of these families, when the disease showed itself, was deserted by husband and children, and nursed until her death by a young girl who now is a victim to it. An Italian Catholic priest who attended cases of leprosy in the Charity hospital is now dying of it in the same house. New Orleans, it appears, has no separate asylum for these incurable patients, and they are received into the Charity hospital and placed in the crowded wards to scatter death.

The president of the board of health has made a personal investigation into the extent of this disease even venturing into the deadly swamps of the lower Bayou Lafourche. This whole district, he states, is several feet lower than the turbid bayou, sloping back into cypress swamps liable to constant overflow from crevasses. The poor Creole inhabitants live in low huts surrounded by wet rice fields, living upon fish and fish-eating birds. They are separated from the rest of the world, and have intermarried for generations. So impregnated with disease is this remote region that some of the exploring party were struck down on reaching it with violent hemorrhages and fever. Of all foul corners of the world it is the fittest for the disease most dreaded by man since the beginning of the world to hide with its prey. Below Harang's canal President Jones found Asiatic leprosy existing in different generations of six families. Some of these wretched creatures have been driven out from human habitation, and are living apart in the swamps, dying of decay. In some instances their flesh had become as insensible as bone, and they were able to handle fire with impunity. It was impossible to make a correct estimate of their numbers, as a rumor spread among them that the searching party had come to carry them off to an uninhabited island of the sea, and they hid themselves, their friends, too, refusing to tell their names or number.

In self-defence, if for no more humane reason, the people of Louisiana should provide a refuge where these accursed beings may be isolated and bettered. The disease is as incurable and as contagious as in the days of Moses. The only other place where it exists in this continent, we believe, is New Brunswick, near the bay of Chaleur; the lepers there are confined in a hospital in a lonely spot known in the surrounding country as the Valley of Hell.

A Tortoise with a Supply of Water.
At a meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, a very fine specimen of the desert land tortoise, from Cajon Pass, San Bernardino county, in that State, was received. The specimen had been carefully prepared, and was as large as an ordinary bucket. The tortoise is a native of the arid regions of California and Arizona, and Professor E. T. Cox who was present, related a curious circumstance connected with it. He found, on dissecting one of them, that it carried on each side a membrane, attached to the inner portion of the shell, in which was about a pint of clear water, the whole amount being about a quart. He was of the opinion that this water was derived from the secretions of the giant barrel cactus, on which the tortoise feeds. This cactus contains a great deal of water. The tortoise is found in sections of the country where there is no water, and where there is no vegetation but the cactus. A traveler suffering from thirst could, in an emergency, supply himself with water by killing a tortoise.

William Bennett, of Denton, Ala., wanted to marry a servant girl. "If you make such an alliance we will disinherit you," his father wrote. "The girl refuses me, and I am about to commit suicide," was the message returned by the son before killing himself.

The Lewis College, at Northfield, Vt., has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon Edison.

LEPROSY.
Extent of this Terrible Disease in the United States.
The nightmare story of Mr. George Cable of a leper secluded for years in a house in New Orleans, says a New York paper, turns out to be no novelist's fancy, but only a small part of the terrible fact. The annual report of the Louisiana board of health for 1880, contains a detailed statement of the progress of the Asiatic leprosy in that State during the last century. It was brought in 1680 to the West Indies by the negro slaves, and thence to Louisiana. In 1778 this disease was so prevalent among the blacks, together with the African elephantiasis, and another equally horrible, named yaws, peculiar to Guinea negroes, that a hospital for lepers was established in New Orleans. At the present time the majority of lepers in that city are found to be whites of French, German and Russian extraction. The disease seems to be hereditary, and certain families are known to be infected by it and are shunned as corpses would be, could they walk and move and spread about the contagion of death. The mother of one of these families, when the disease showed itself, was deserted by husband and children, and nursed until her death by a young girl who now is a victim to it. An Italian Catholic priest who attended cases of leprosy in the Charity hospital is now dying of it in the same house. New Orleans, it appears, has no separate asylum for these incurable patients, and they are received into the Charity hospital and placed in the crowded wards to scatter death.

The president of the board of health has made a personal investigation into the extent of this disease even venturing into the deadly swamps of the lower Bayou Lafourche. This whole district, he states, is several feet lower than the turbid bayou, sloping back into cypress swamps liable to constant overflow from crevasses. The poor Creole inhabitants live in low huts surrounded by wet rice fields, living upon fish and fish-eating birds. They are separated from the rest of the world, and have intermarried for generations. So impregnated with disease is this remote region that some of the exploring party were struck down on reaching it with violent hemorrhages and fever. Of all foul corners of the world it is the fittest for the disease most dreaded by man since the beginning of the world to hide with its prey. Below Harang's canal President Jones found Asiatic leprosy existing in different generations of six families. Some of these wretched creatures have been driven out from human habitation, and are living apart in the swamps, dying of decay. In some instances their flesh had become as insensible as bone, and they were able to handle fire with impunity. It was impossible to make a correct estimate of their numbers, as a rumor spread among them that the searching party had come to carry them off to an uninhabited island of the sea, and they hid themselves, their friends, too, refusing to tell their names or number.

In self-defence, if for no more humane reason, the people of Louisiana should provide a refuge where these accursed beings may be isolated and bettered. The disease is as incurable and as contagious as in the days of Moses. The only other place where it exists in this continent, we believe, is New Brunswick, near the bay of Chaleur; the lepers there are confined in a hospital in a lonely spot known in the surrounding country as the Valley of Hell.

A Tortoise with a Supply of Water.
At a meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, a very fine specimen of the desert land tortoise, from Cajon Pass, San Bernardino county, in that State, was received. The specimen had been carefully prepared, and was as large as an ordinary bucket. The tortoise is a native of the arid regions of California and Arizona, and Professor E. T. Cox who was present, related a curious circumstance connected with it. He found, on dissecting one of them, that it carried on each side a membrane, attached to the inner portion of the shell, in which was about a pint of clear water, the whole amount being about a quart. He was of the opinion that this water was derived from the secretions of the giant barrel cactus, on which the tortoise feeds. This cactus contains a great deal of water. The tortoise is found in sections of the country where there is no water, and where there is no vegetation but the cactus. A traveler suffering from thirst could, in an emergency, supply himself with water by killing a tortoise.

William Bennett, of Denton, Ala., wanted to marry a servant girl. "If you make such an alliance we will disinherit you," his father wrote. "The girl refuses me, and I am about to commit suicide," was the message returned by the son before killing himself.

The Lewis College, at Northfield, Vt., has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy upon Edison.

D. J. WHITESIDE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS,
Gents' Fine
Furnishing Goods,
211 MARKET STREET,
Chattanooga, Tenn.
April 25-17

THE HERALD
Job Office
Is prepared to print anything in the line of
LETTER-HEADS,
BILL-HEADS,
NOTE-HEADS,
VISITING CARDS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
SHOW-BILLS,
ALL SIZE CIRCULARS,
POSTERS, &c., &c.
We have as fine Presses as any office in the South, and will guarantee all our work to give satisfaction. We print in five colors when desired, at but small extra cost.
Justices and Clerks of Courts furnished. Blank on short notice as cheap as any office. Samples of Job Work and Prices sent on application. Address
W. S. TIPTON, Proprietor,
Cleveland, Tenn.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.
Napoleon's "N" on the Seine bridge is being chiselled off.
Philadelphia and New York are connected by more telegraph wires than any other two cities in the world, the number being 110.
A bride is reported to have lately said: "I told all my friends to have my name put on my presents, so that if divorced George should not be able to claim them."
Sunday dances are coming into vogue in England, and many of the clergy approve of lawn tennis and cricket, but the "unco' guid" still draw the line at the grog shop and shun the museum.
The Prussian government has ordered the provincial authorities to send detailed information of the extent and causes of emigration, which, however, has somewhat slackened in some districts.
The new Tichborne claimant, who almost convinced San Francisco of his honesty, and told a story of adventures filling many columns in the newspapers, has been identified as C. O. Ferris, a swindler.
John Momfort married a widow at Buena Vista, Ga., and on the day after the wedding undertook to whip his stepson. The bride seized her husband and held him fast, while the boy killed him with a knife.
An exhibition of pipes and snuff boxes at the Crystal Palace, London, contains numbers of pipes collected by the Emperor Maximilian, which were found in the buried cities of Mexico. There were smokers thousands of years before Raleigh.
A Cincinnati seamstress grew tired of the needle, and hung out a sign as a doctor. Her first patient was a man who had congestion of the brain, but she thought it was rheumatism, and nearly covered him with alum plasters. The treatment killed him.
A crowd of side showmen, pedlars, and gamblers follow every circus, and pay for places close by the main tent. A soap vendor raised the customary tribute to Forepaugh's menagerie, but persistently bawled his wares near the main entrance. Mr. Forepaugh whipped him at Black River Falls, Wis., and was fined \$24.
A Boy's Coolness and Courage.
An instance of coolness and courage in a boy is reported in a letter from Wakarusa, in South Africa. The garrison made a raid for the purpose of capturing some cattle, but was compelled to retreat into camp. While falling back a youngster about fifteen years old was thrown from his horse, which ran off and left him. Finding he could not escape from the Boers, who were in close pursuit, he lay down behind some stones on the slope of the hill. A few minutes afterward, four of the enemy came galloping up, when the boy lay flat, knocking one out of his saddle. The three men who were with him, thinking in all probability, they were running into an ambush, wheeled and bolted for their lives. The boy then crept on his hands and feet to the top of the hill, took to his heels and escaped.
There is no necessity in nature for the alarming disasters so prevalent and the sudden deaths so common. A healthily constituted man or woman ought to wear bright until three score and ten.
Arthur Sullivan and the Duke of Edinburgh are together "sailing the ocean blue."